## The Home Page.

SILENCE.

When smitten, thou didst feel the rod; Be still and leave thy cause with God, And silence to thy soul shall teach Far more than came with outward speech.

When secret arts and open foe Conspire thy peace to overthrow In silence learn the hidden power Which saves thee in that bitter hour. Doth not thy Father take thy part-Doth He not know thy bleeding heart; And when it seems that thou wilt fall,

Doth He not feel it-bear it all?

Make no reply, but let thy mind In silent faith the triumph find: Which comes from injuries forgiven, And trust in God and strength in Heaven. -Prof. Upham.

LIFE'S TAPESTRY.

Too long, have I, methought, with tearful eye Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, an

mused Above each stitch awry and thread confused; Now will I think on what in years gone by I heard of them that weave rare tapestry At royal looms; and how they constant us To work on the rough side, and still peruse The pictured pattern set above them high. So will I set my copy high above,

And gaze and gaze, till on my spirit grows Its gracious impress; till some line of love Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows Nor look too much on warp and woof, provide He whom I work for sees their fairer side!

## A LOCOMOTIVE HERO.

Well gentleman, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of nineteen and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railreading and a boyish ambrtion to become a driver, although I had been educated for loftier pursuits.

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was forty years old and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skillful thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man but lived alone with his old mother. I was a frequent visitor at their house, and I think they both took quite a fancy to me in their quiet, undemonstrative way.

When Markley's fireman left him, I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded and I was in great glee. The fact was that in my idleness and the overworked state of my brain I craved the excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor, and, besides, I had anch longing dreams of the flery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert fireman, and liked it exceedingly, for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me to assist her. I arranged the preliminaries and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley, who of course was busy with his engine.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was practicing on her son. She enjoined me again not to tell Silas, and then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day and the weather was delightful. The train was neither an express nor an accommodation. but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion as there were two specials on the line, it was run by telegraph—that is, the driver has simply to obey instructions which he receives at each station, so that he is put as a machine in the hands of one comptroller, who directs all trains from a central point and has the whole line under his eye. If the driver does not obey to the least tittle his orders it is destruction to the whole.

Well, we started without mishap and up to time, and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped here a boy ran alongside with the telegram which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off: in ten minutes he came flying back. "Had it repeated," he shouted, "Williams is storming at you; says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on." He thrust the second message in

as he spoke. Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute. There was dismay and sheer perplexity in the expres sion of his face as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he was calculating chances; and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter, and what he

was going to do. I'm going to obey," he replied curtly. The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we rushed out of the station and dashed through low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerons to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley. I shoveled it in, but took time.

"We are going very fast, Markley," He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam engine, his lips close shut.

"More coal," he said: I threw it in. The fields and houses began to fly past the next station. Markley's eye went to the other world.-W. Humboldt.

from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

"More!" he said, without turning his eye. I took up the shovel-hesitated. "Markley, do you know that you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour?"

"Coal!" I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw in the coal. At least we must stop at Dufreme. That was the next halt. The little town approached. As the first house came into view the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew ouder-louder.

We dashed into the street, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without the halt of an instant, catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the velocity, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me seemed to weight the air. I found myself drawing long stertorous breaths like one drowning.

I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen, and captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad-laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine. his eyes going from the gauge to the time piece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glared back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a headlong speed that rocked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw hundreds of men and women in the carriages, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack; the fire is going out." I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder. "Markley," shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied, quietly. "Your mother is aboard this train."

"Heavens." He staggered to his feet. out even then he did not remove his eyes from the gauge.

"Make up the fire, he commanded, and push in the throttle valve.

"I will not." "Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

self and mother, but you shall not mur-He looked at me. His kindly grey eyes

"I will not. You may murder your-

he controlled himself a moment. "I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But

look here; do you see the station yon-I saw a faint streak against the sky

about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by 6 o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dufreme. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet it in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder?" I said.

"Yes, I think so." I said nothing. I threw on coal; if I had had petroleum I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face, it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley

pushed the valve still further. The engine began to give a strange, panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express! I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear Summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women-mothers and their babies. There was a terrific shriek from the engine against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past me. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end carriage in passing. In a sort of delirious joy I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train and brought his mother to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his. I turned away.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many a railway accident, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever

"What was the blunder?"

"I don't know. Markley made light of it ever afterward and kept it a secret. but no man on the line stood so high up the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

-The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.-Robert Hall.

-Only what we have wrought into our half seen. We were nearing Dumfreme character during life can we take with us

THE HEROINE OF IVANHOE.

BY J. MAX HARK.

An old local tradition among the com fortable citizens of the prosperous inland city of Lancaster, Pa., led me to make a pilgrimage the other day to a spot on its northern outskirts, hard by what was once the ample estate of George Ross, the signer of the Federal Constitutiona spot which I was led to believe had an interest all its own, quite apart and different from that attaching to the old Ross estate on which it borders. I went to visit the old Jewish cemetery used by the Hebrews of Lancaster for over a century for the burial of their dead, inclosed in a double fence of simple wooden palings, and scrupulously watched over and carefully kept in order by them to the present day. In this humble little inclosure with its score or two of well-kept graves, tradition told me lay the remains of her whose beauty and nobility Sir Walter Scott has immortalized in Rebecca, the daughter of the rich Jew. Isaac, in his greatest romance, Ivanhoe. The object of my pilgrimage was to verify, if possible, this tradition. I failed. For, though I think I found the grave, covered with a massive moss-grown slab of sandstone, of Michael Gratz, who near the close of last century had donated the ground wherein his bones repose as a cemetery for the Jews of Lancaster, and though the remains of his wife Miriam, a Jewish lady of Lancaster whom he married during his long residence there-though both may rest there, in that consecrated spot, the grave of their lovely daughter Rebecca I found not-and quite naturally, for she was buried many years after them in Philadelphia, in August, 1869. full of years and honor.

If, however, the local interest in Rebecca Gratz was thus diminished for me, my general interest in her was in creased by my further acquaintance with her history, and its relation to that of the most perfect female character the great Wizard of the North has given us in all his voluminous works. Although the leading facts of it have been narated in print before, it is safe to say that but few of the present generation of readers of Ivanhoe are acquainted with the interesting facts by which America came to furnish the prototype and inspiration for one of the most charming characters in the whole realm of English fiction.

Rebecca Gratz was born at Lancaste on March 4, 1781, but removed with her parents from that city when yet a child, to Philadelphia, where her home soon became and long remained a center of refined culture and social influence, and later still more of charitable and benevolent activity. In the annals of the City of Brotherly Love no name occurs oftener or stands higher in the history of benevolent enterprises and institutions of all kinds and among all religious denominations, than that of the brilliant Jewish beauty, the cultured and broadminded philanthropist, Rebecca Gratz. Her circle of acquaintances included nearly all the most prominent men of her time, military, social, political and liter ary; and Gentiles vied with Jews in courting her society and praising her beauty and attainments. Through it all, however, she remained orthodox and devoutly loyal to her people and her faith. This it was that brought about her heart's tragedy, and indirectly gave Rebecca the Jewess to literature.

While living in Philadelphia, Miss Gratz was wooed, it is said, and her heart was won by a Christian gentleman of high character and standing in society, and of great wealth. She heroically refused his and, however, their difference of religion forming to her mind an insuperable barrier to their union. She remained heart-true to him, however, and died single. The greatness and depth of her sacrifice for her conscience, sake only a few of her most intimate friends could know. And such an one was Mathilda Hoffman, the beloved of Washington Irving. Through her Miss Gratz, a frequent visitor at her home in New York, became intimately acquainted with Irving, a relation which became peculiarly close through the early death of Miss Hoffman, her dearest friend, his only love. A common sorrow drew them to each other.

It was eight years after this sad event in 1807 that Irving visited England and Scotland, and formed the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, an acquaintance that had ripened into warm friendship before the genial American left Abbottsford, where the few days of happiness in the midst of its charming scenery and associations had sped all too swiftly for both. At this time Sir Walter was still at work on Rob Roy, but he had already in contemplation a story different in time and locality from his previous Waverly novels, and perhaps even had some of the plot of Ivanhoe worked out in general outline. It was then that Irving. in conversation with him on the subject, suggested the character of Rebecca, the Jewess, giving him an admiring decription of his and the mourned Miss Hoffman's beautiful Jewish friend, and telling the tale of her purity, lofty principles, generous benevolence, and yet fervent loyalty to the religion and traditions of her fathers. Scott at once discerned in her character, and in the history of her great sacrifice for conscience sake, abundant material, full of romantic interest. He at once adopted not only Irving's suggestion, but the name and character of his friend as well, and made her the heroine of the new historical romance. The Rebecca so vividly described in her encounter with the Tempiar, whose captive she has become; her bearing at first of proud hamility, as if submitting to the evil she felt in her mind the consciousness despotism of religous prejudice permitted her to aspire to;" her heroic firmness in spurning the advances of her captor:

alike of the church and the synagogue;" her sublime courage with which she defles him and faces death itself rather than yield to dishonor-these, together with nearly all the minor traits attributed to her, were but transcriptions from the character and nature of Rebecca Gratz, as she was described to the great romancer by Irving, and as she was known to her many friends and admirers in America.

Whether Mr. Irving possessed a por-

trait of Miss Gratz or not is not positive-

ly known. I am inclined to think it

more than probable that he did; and if so that he must have shown it to the author of Ivanhoe, for the description of her personal appearance by the latter is so accurate a reproduction of the portrait of the lady yet extant, and corresponds so nearly with the recollection of of her brilliant beauty by those who saw her even in herold age, that it can scarcely be accounted for on any other supposition. The striking features of her loveliness were her wonderful eyes, her beautiful hair, and the exquisite grace of her form and carriage; and these are graphically pictured by Scott. The oriental garb aside in which he has clothed her, his description of Rebecca, the Jewess, may be accepted as a truthful portrait of Rebecca Gratz. "Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which was worn according to the fashion of the females of her nation. The turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed squiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in lits own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colors embossed upon a purple ground permitted to be visible-all these constituted a combination of loveliness

of the maidens who surrounded her." When Ivanhoe was finished, the author at once sent a copy of the book to Mr. Irving, with the inquiry, "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?" And there can be no doubt that Irving was pleased with it, and probably Miss Gratz, too, for she of course knew from her friend that she had unwittingly served as a model after which the great Scotch artist molded his most finished and famous production. At the same time, however, she is said never to have willingly referred to it. but with her characteristic native mod-

which yielded not to the most beautiful

esty avoided the subject. If the Hebrews of America are proud of Rebecca Gratz for the honor she brought upon them by her high social standing, her world-wide charity and beneficence, and withal her strict loyalty to her religion, and for these causes have enrolled her name at the very head of the notable women of their faith in this country, may not American Gentiles join with them in hallowing her memory and doing honor to her name, for having been the means of giving to the world one of the purest and fairest female characters to be found in all the realm of litsture? In all the treasure house English fiction the brightest gem is the one that was found on American soil. Rebecca, the Jewess of Pennsylvania.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S

FAVORITE HYMN. Under the above heading the music shops in Berlin are exhibiting a hymn set to music by Robert Radecke. The words are by Ernst von Willich, the only son of Ehrenfried von Willich, the stepson of Schleiermacher, composed at twelve years of age, when the boy lay on the bed from which he never rose again The hymn, and the tune to which it is set pleased the present Emperor so much that he often ordered it to be sung, and so it has got to be accepted as his favorite. In as close a translation as possible the hymn rans as follows:

When the Lord me sorrow sends, Let me bear it patiently, Lifting up the heart in prayer, Comfort he will not deny, Therefore let there come what will. In the Lord my heart is still. Though the heart is often weak. In despair and all forlorn, When in days of utmost pain, Not a day of joy will dawn; Tell it; Let there come what will, In the Lord all pain is still.

So I pray, O Lord my God, That my faith and hope may stand, Then no care I know, nor need. Guided ever by thy hand. Therefore let there come what will. In the Lord my heart is still.

FROUDE ON THE INFLUENCE OF ORATORS.

Institutions are the slow growths of centuries. The orator cuts them down in a day. The tree falls, and the hand that wields the ax is admired and applauded. The speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero pass into literature, and are studied as models of language. But Demosthenes and Cicero did not understand the facts of their time; their language might be beautiful, and their sentiments noble, but with their fine words and sentiments they only misled their countrymen. The periods where the orator is supreme are marked always by confusion and disintegration. Goethe could say of Luther that he had thrown back for centuries the spiritual cultivation of mankind, by calling the passions of the multitude to judge of matters which should have been left to the thinkers. We ourselves are just now in one of those uneasy periods, and we have decided that orators are the fittest people to circumstances in which she was placed as | rule over us. The constituencies choose the daughter of a deepised race, while their members according to the fluency of their tongues. Can he make a speech? that she was entitled to hold a higher is the one test of competency for a legisrank, from her merit, than the arbitrary lator, and the most persuasive of the whole we make prime minister. We admire the man for his gifte, and we accept what he says for the manner in which it "We can have naught in common between is uttered. He may contradict to-day us-you are a Christian-I am a Jewess | what he asserted yesterday. No matter. -our union were contrary to the laws He can persuade others wherever he is the proportion of forty-five to forty-three. sible mistake is given.

persuaded himself. And such is the nature of him that he can convince himself of anything which it is his interest to believe.

These are the persons who are regarded as our wisest. It was not always so. It is not so now with nations who are in a sound state of health. The Americans, when they choose a President or a Secretary of State or any functionary from whom they require wise action, do not select these famous speech-makers. Such periods do not last, for the condition which they bring about becomes always intolerable. I do not believe in the degeneracy of our race. I believe the present generation of Englishmen to be capable of all that their fathers were, possibly of more; but we are just now in a moultmg state and are sick while the process is going on .- James Anthony Froude.

STORY OF ST. FRANCIS OF

ASSISI. The good St. Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk said, "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach." So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man. And they walked along upon their way, conversing as they went They wound their way down the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?' And the father looked kindly down upon his son and said, "My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen - looked at; our behaviour has been remarked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk."-Paxton Hood.

ONE STITCH AT A TIME. "What is the secret by which you do your work so beautifully?" The ques-

tioner held in her hand an exquisite piece of crochet work wrought by the lady to whom the question was addressed. "There is no secret about it," replied the lady; " I only make every stitch as perfect as I can, and am careful to put it exactly in the right place. There isn't

one wrong or careless stitch in all that work. If I make a mistake I ravel it out and correct it." One perfect stitch at a time! So the marvelous fabrics of lace at fabulous prices are made. So the intricate and exquisite embroideries are wrought. So

the costly garments of men and women are put together. One perfect stitch at a time. The noblest lives are lived-one moment at a time. No moments wasted; no

moments carelessly spent; no moments viciously spent. Wrong stitches in crochet can be raveled out and made right. Wrong stitches in garments can be picked out and put in again right. But who can reverse the tide of time, and undo a wrong act and make it right?

Some unknown friend left a card on our desk on which was printed this: "I Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it, now, in His name and for His sake! Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this

way again." Is there a better secret than that for making the whole fabric of life perfect? "Any good thing that I can do;" that covers all our duty to God and to ourselves. "Any kindness that I can show to any human being;" that covers all our duty to our neighbor. Love to God and to our neighbor is the fulfilling of the

One stitch at a time! Sometimes we allow ourselves to become confused with the thought or feeling that we have a dozen things to do at once. But that is a mistake. We can do but one thing at a time, think one thing at a time, speak one word at a time, see one thing at a time. For every duty really required of us, we have time given to do it in. We may pass rapidly from one task to another, we may construct enginery by which much of our work may be done simultaneously, and we thus multiply our executive power, but to live two minutes at once no mortal can do, any more than we can recall one act or one moment of the past.

"Let us then be up and doing, Heart within and God o'erhead." -Christian Advocate.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BLONDE.

A highly interesting question is now being agitated in Europe. It has been asserted that there has been a gradual decrease of blondes in Germany.

Almost 11,000 school children were examined in Germany, Austria and Belgium, and the result showed that Switzerland has only 11.10, Austria, 1988, and Germany 31.80 per cent of pure blondes. Thus the country, which since the days of ancient Rome has been proverbially known as the home of yellow hair, has to-day only thirty-two pure blondes in 100, while the average of pure brunettes is 14 per cent. The 53 per cent of the mixed type are said to be undergoing a

transformation into pure brunettes. Dr. Beddoes, of England, has collected a number of statistics which seem to point in the same direction. Among 726 women he examined, he found 369 brunettes and 357 blondes. Of the brunettes he found that 79 per cent were married, while of the blondes only 63 per cent were married. Thus it would seem that the brunette has ten chances of getting married in England to a blonde's

In France a similar view has been put forth by M. Adolphe de Condolle. M. de Condolle found that when both parents have eyes of the same color 88 per cent inherit this color.

But it is a curious fact that more females than males have black or brown eyes to

It seems that with different colored eyes in the two parents 53 per cent follow the father in being dark eved, and 50 per cent follow the mother in being dark eyed. An increase of 5 per cent of dark eyes in each generation must tell in the course of time.

In America, also, careful observations have resulted in a similar conclusionthe blonde type of complexion is disappearing.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE "OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE

A recent criminal trial in London. England, in which the conversion of New York draft into bank of England notes formed a perfect link in the chain of evidence by which the prisoners were convicted, suggests a brief description of the bank's method with regard to its issue, says The Financier.

The paper on which the notes are printed is made by a private factory in Yorkshire under strictly guarded conditions. and with the water mark which is so con spicuous a feature. It is of silvery white and so strong that it will sustain fifty pounds weight when suspended at the corners. The printing is performed at the bank in Threadneedle street, including the signature of the nominal maker of the draft. The drafts or notes used formerly to be signed by assistant cashiers, but the issue eventually became too arge to admit of a sign manual being ssued, so printing was substituted.

Each individual note as soon as issued has its number, letter, date and denomination placed to its debit in a ledger account, the per contra being filled on the return of the note, perhaps the next day. perhaps in fifty years' time. Some years ago a lot of £1 notes issued in the middle of last century were handed in for payment. A reference to the ledger of that date showed the credit side of the note account, with corresponding numbers, to be open, so the drafts were duly hon-

The lowest denomination now issued is £5, the highest £10,000. A notable feature of the Bank of England note when compared with that of other issues and countries, is its crispness and clearness. The simplicity of design and clearness of lettering and figuring are also very conspicuous. The reason why we never find tattered and foul Bank of England bills or bank notes, as the Englishman prefers to call them, arises from the custom of the bank never to issue one of its notes a second time. This rule is so scrupulously observed that should a thousand notes of £5 each, issued in the morning in exchange for gold at the issue department, come into the hands of the banking department as a customer's deposit in the afternoon, possibly without having been untied, they would be immediately cancelled. This cancellation is performed by tearing off the signature corner of each note, the number and date first being recorded by the recording clerk in his counter cash book.

The mutilated bills at the banking department are collected at short intervals by a clerk from the accountant's department, where they are sorted into their respective denominations and placed to their individual ledger credits. They shall pass through this world but once! are then stored, and after ten years' interand 20 feet. val consigned to the flames.

The detection of a forged bank note is almost inevitable under this system. Simply to imitate the paper is difficulty the difference in the best imitation being readily perceptible to a practiced touch-To counterfeit the printing is almost impossible, owing to the absence of complexity to confuse the eye, and a third reliance for the paying teller as he rapidthe gold in exchange, is a peculiarity in the formation of certain letters, known only to the initiated.

Should a forgery slip through these guards, the number and date and denomination must all correspond with the edger entry, and should all these agree the chances are that the legitimate note

will have already filled up the blank. It is the rule in all London banking houses, and in most private establishments to record the date and number of every bank note passing through their hands, together with the name of the person presenting it. The Bank of England moreover, requires the endorsement of the holder on every note or parcel of notes presented for exchange for gold or for notes of other denominations. This system greatly faciliates the detection of fraud, and in the case which gave occasion for these remarks was the direct ful grower near home and take his advice means of establishing the prosecuting at | as to what to plant. torney.

The actual cost of each Bank of Eng and note issued is about five cents. An ordinary day's issue of notes, with a corresponding number cancelled is from 20 000 to 30,000; but when a forgery is known to be affoat all of that particular denomination are poured in by their holders for exchange or redemption, and as many as 80,000 notes under such circumstances have been presented and cancelled in one day.

As an offset to this expense, the yearly gain to the bank in notes destroyed by flocks given to the care of two hens. fire and water amounts to a large sum, which, however, is taken into account by the government when adjusting its national debt and exchequer arrangements with the bank.

The "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Londoner lovingly calls the institution, which, next to his queen, he most deeply reveres, is very liberal when dealing with cases of notes destroyed or mutilated. The secretary's office attends to these matters, and there may be seen daily remnants of notes which have undergone every conceivable ordeal of absolute destruction.

Little pulpy masses which have passed through the digestive apparatus of dogs and children, half burned pieces that have unwittingly done duty as eigar lighters, remnants of every kind of which enough is left to indicate in the fau test degree the original worth-all receive their full consideration, and the owners lose nothing. Even total destruction when fully proved, is no bar to indemnification when good security against possiFarm, Home and Garden.

HOME DECORATIONS. One of the leading "fade" of the mo-

ment is the rose jar; this may be of any size or of any choice ware, although the Oriental-looking Satsuma is most frequently chosen. The jars have perforated lids and the fragrance of the rose leaves, enhanced by the addition of fine spices, is very sweet and refreshing. The rose jar by the way is by no means a novelty. Centuries ago the Turks had the same romantic idea of preserving the leaves of blossoms, given them by cherished friends. They placed them, however, in strong urns made of lead, and no apartment was considerer complete without one. The modern rose jar is a combination of the leaden urn of the Turks and the daintier tea jar, made of china and porcelain, originated hundreds of years ago, by the Japanese. Some ides of the prevailing fancy for rose jars may be gathered from the statement that one New York dealer alone, recently importer four hundred different styles of jars, varying in prices from fifteen cents o fifteen dollars

Novel ideas in the way of minor decorations are constantly coming up, and these pretty trifles tend especially toward beautifying our homes. Palm-leaf fans are graceful subjects for much ornamentation. They are bronzed or gilded, tied in bunches with huge bows of satin ribbon and tacked to the walls, or they are hand painted.

Some ingenious person has invented a means of utility for the thousands of wooden plates thrown upon the market for decoration. Two of them are stitched to the edge of one bias piece of satin, leaving a top edge for an opening, thus forming a useful and very pretty little catch-all.

Now-a-days an ingenious woman can manufacture an endless array of useful and ornamental things at a small cost-Wooden boxes, covered with bright colored figured silk, and ornamented with tassels and ribbon loops, make pretty receptacles in a bed chamber for boots and slippers and other minor accessories while many, living in small houses resort to numerous clever ways of utilizing every inch of space. An ottoman, for instance, made high enough to serve for seat, may have a hinged top, disclosing partitioned box for hats and bonnets. and a long box made likewise, with a may be fitted into a window space, and made to serve at once for a seat, and a convenient place to store away wearing apparel.-Bella Blanchard, in June Ta-

GROWTH OF TREES.

ble Talk.

Cultivated in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder, 1 loot in diameter and 20 feet in height: white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; vellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet, Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet: black walnut and butternut, 10 inches

Two-thirds of the amount of a generous ration for a cow, says the Dairyman, goes to keep the cow alive and in health and vigor. All the money there is, or can be made, by feeding her is made out of the other third. To put it in another form, the first two-thirds is lost-the last third is sold for three prices to the cow. This everlasting truth ought to be painty scans the notes before shovelling out | ed plain on every dairyman's big barn doors, where he can read it every time he goes to the barn to feed his stock. But the mass steal money from their own pockets and throw it away by raising the skeptical query, "Will it pay?" and withhold the food. A man might as well ask if it will pay to feed oats to the horse that is doing the ploughing.

> There is no special skill needed to grow small fruit successfully. For raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries, there should be a small piece of land set apart, but the strawberries may be grown in the truck patch. One requisite for successful strawberry growing is good variety; and it is difficult to advise in this matter, as what does well in one locality often fails of another. It is sound advice, however, to say, do not buy highpriced novelties, but go to some success-

> It is true economy in hatching with hens to set more than one at the same time and with the same variety of eggs. The chicks of pure bred fowls come mostly uniform in color, and when a hen s acquainted with the extremes of the brood that covers all in between, the union of flocks becomes then a very simple matter. A good hen will take charge of sixteen or eighteen chicks, so that all of two hatchings may, if not too numerous be given to one mother, or three

> > PAINLESS DEATH.

The use of carbon dioxide has been recommended as a speedy and painless means of extinguishing life in animals, but it appears that death does not always ensue at once on suffocation by this gas. A frog was recently placed in carbon dioxide for half an hour, and then, apparently dead, was subjected to some electrical experiments, but two hours later as discovered as lively as ever. The observation suggests that suffocation may produce at first a kind of catalepsy, and that life should not be too hastily pronounced extinct in persons taken from burning buildings, mines, etc.

-The Sermon on the Mount is the Magna Charta of the kingdom of God. Neander.

-An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with .-